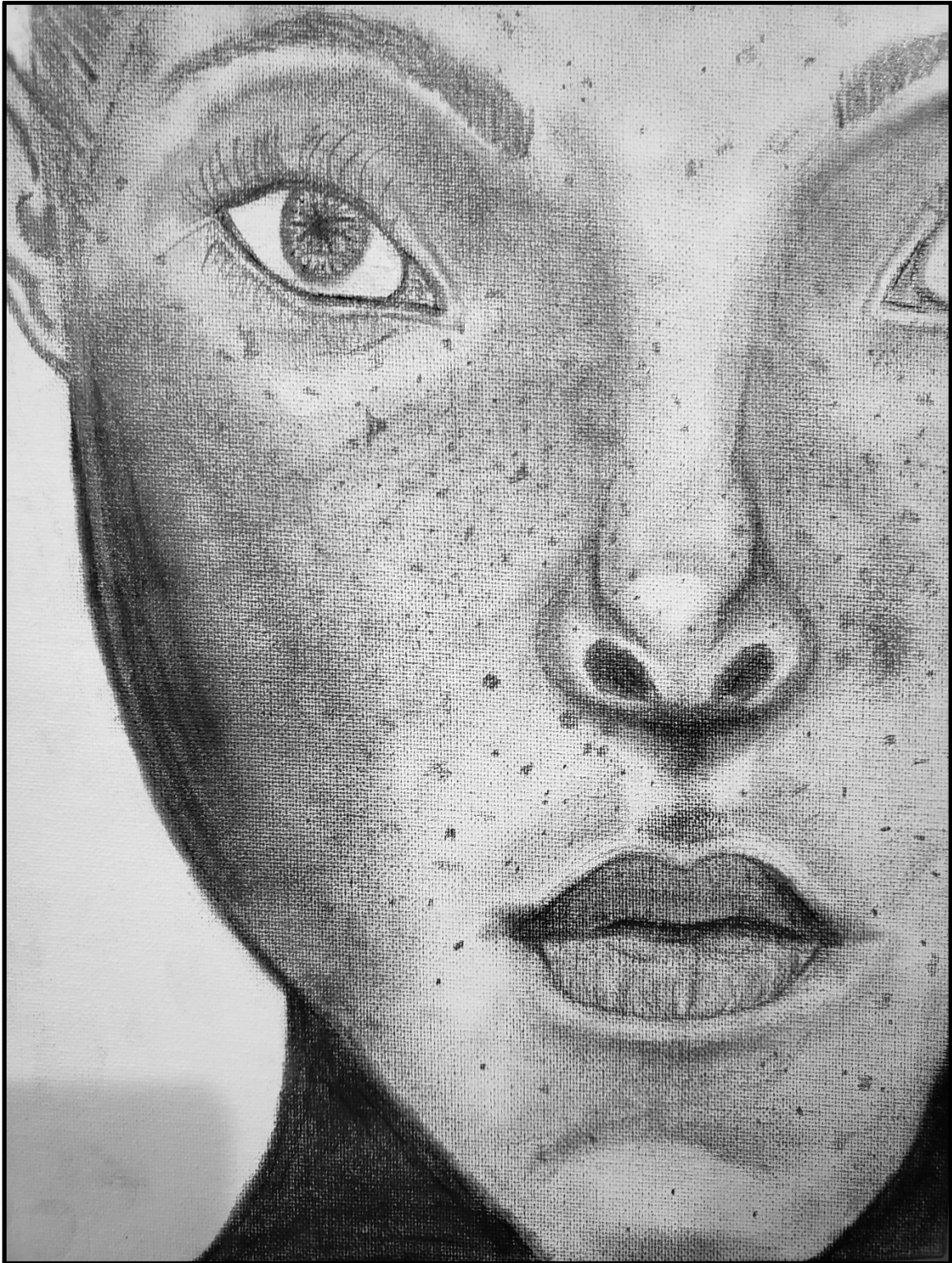


Phineas



2019

Phineas 2019 Award Winners

Every year, the *Phineas* student editors select all the written and artistic works in the magazine. From among the accepted work, qualified faculty members select pieces from each of the categories for first and second prize.

Award Winners

Art

- 1st "Spotlight" by Rozann Zamora (page 13)
- 2nd "The Stranger" by Kevin Rodriguez (page 18)

Poetry

- 1st "The Old Guitarist" by Kevin Rodriguez (page 52)
- 2nd "Poverty & Immigration" by Jose Perez (page 35)

Contest Judges

Art

Mandi Batalo
David Rosales

Poetry

Alma Lopez

Phineas 2019

Editors

David Begnell
Franchesca Navarro
Erica Ruiz
Vanessa Sanders
Hayley Warm

Faculty Advisor

Joel Lamore

Acknowledgements

The *Phineas* staff expresses its thanks to the faculty and staff who helped by telling students about the magazine and encouraging students to submit, or who in any other way provided support to this magazine.

We also extend our gratitude to the San Bernardino Community College District Printing Services for all their special efforts on behalf of this publication.

Our greatest debt is of course to the students of Valley College for contributing to this publication by submitting their art, essays, fiction and poetry.



Phineas

2019

**The Literary Magazine
of
San Bernardino Valley College**



Number 50

© 2019 *Phineas* is produced each spring semester by the Literary Magazine Production class, English Department, San Bernardino Valley College. The contents are the work of students of SBVC, and all rights revert solely to the authors and artists upon publication.

Phineas supports free creative expression, but any opinions or viewpoints expressed in the works in this magazine do not necessarily represent the views of the editors, faculty advisor, English department, college or district.

Contents

Poetry

H.O.P.E	<i>Ruby Avitia</i>	3
Patience is Truly ...	<i>Brittanni Fernandez</i>	4
Love	<i>David Begnell</i>	5
Ever Since We Met	<i>Viviana Maytorena</i>	8
La Flor/The Flower	<i>Viviana Maytorena</i>	9
Thoughts While I ...	<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	10
Moonstruck	<i>Edward E. De Anda</i>	11
In Soliloquy	<i>Keats Flores</i>	13
Silent Ones	<i>Jazmin Vivas</i>	14
I'm Okay/Save Me	<i>Joe The Hokage</i>	19
Don't Understand	<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	20
Like Everyone Else	<i>Franchesca Gabriel</i>	22
A Long Road	<i>Angelina Moncada</i>	23
Sensory Overload	<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	24
Leveled	<i>Keats Flores</i>	25
Not-So-Thick Skinned	<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	26
The Cat's Perspective	<i>Stella Grosso</i>	27
Plants I Call My Own	<i>Alyssa Hernandez</i>	28
Rain	<i>William Menor Romero</i>	29
Change of Seasons	<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	30
Nostalgia	<i>Edward E. De Anda</i>	31
Intricate Evil Beauty	<i>Edward E. De Anda</i>	33
Isabella	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	33
Incendiary	<i>Keats Flores</i>	34
Poverty & Immigration*	<i>Jose Perez</i>	35
Street View	<i>Viviana Maytorena</i>	36
Unrelenting Chaos	<i>Edward E. De Anda</i>	37
Why Can't We Live?	<i>Joe The Hokage</i>	37
Second Coming	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	39
Burned	<i>Keats Flores</i>	40
This is the Song ...	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	41
Deceived Under ...	<i>Tyasha T. Page</i>	42
Machismo	<i>Viviana Maytorena</i>	44
Little Saying	<i>Andrea Polston</i>	45
Closer	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	45
Emotions	<i>Andrea Polston</i>	48
The Last of Us	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	50
A Bedtime Story	<i>Tiana Johnson</i>	51
The Old Guitarist*	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	52

Prose

Infinity: A Prayer	<i>Christine Espinoza</i>	6
The Fall of a Good Man	<i>Zachery J. Lewis</i>	15
If Only?	<i>Christine Espinoza</i>	46
Choices	<i>Christine Espinoza</i>	49

Art

Gentle Spirit & Bold Faith	<i>Brittanni Fernandez</i>	FC
SBVC Auditorium	<i>Stella Grosso</i>	1
Onyx	<i>Brittany Byther-Wilson</i>	3
Catcher in the Rye	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	4
Stunning	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	5
Among the Twigs	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	7
Melodies Painted ...	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	8
Water Lily	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	9
We Are All Made ...	<i>Marilyn Interian Matey</i>	10
Inner Tea	<i>Brittany Byther-Wilson</i>	12
Spotlight*	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	13
Brave	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	14
The Stranger*	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	18
Colibri	<i>Marilyn Interian Matey</i>	19
Freed	<i>Stella Grosso</i>	21
Hey How You Doin' ...	<i>Alex Santana</i>	22
Crying Marys	<i>Luis Lizarraga</i>	25
Dog's Life	<i>Will Otterman</i>	27
A Special Place	<i>Will Otterman</i>	28
Shine	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	29
Love My Hair and ...	<i>Brittany Byther-Wilson</i>	31
Nubian Mother	<i>Brittanni Fernandez</i>	32
Clementine	<i>Will Otterman</i>	34
Walk a Lonely Road	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	35
A Day in the Life	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	36
She Waits, She Thinks	<i>Brittanni Fernandez</i>	38
Classical Luxury	<i>Brittany Byther-Wilson</i>	40
Painting a Symphony	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	41
Utopia	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	43
Grizzly Bear	<i>Luis Lizarraga</i>	44
Sunburst	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	48
Howling Wolf	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	50
Tototo	<i>Alex Santana</i>	51
Music Is My Religion	<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	52
Grace Is My Element ...	<i>Brittany Byther-Wilson</i>	BC

Award Winners

Works noted by the * symbol in the contents list and by special notations within the magazine have been recognized by faculty judges as outstanding pieces in their genre. See inner front cover of magazine for more information on the award winners and the faculty judges.

Index by Artist/Author's Name

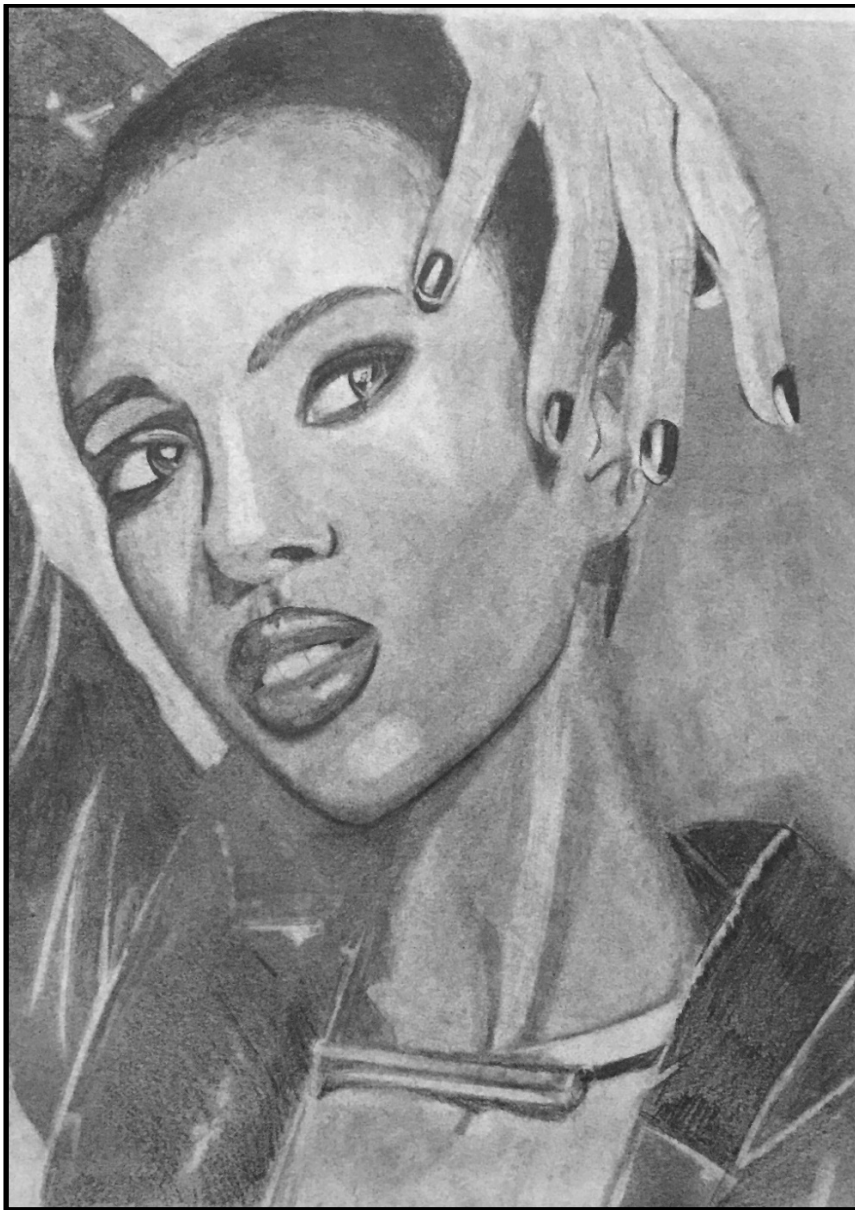
An index by artist's and/or author's name can be found on inside back cover.

H.O.P.E

Hang on to the hope in your heart even when the world feels so bitter
Overpower the voices in your mind that say things will never get better
Peace of mind is the key to feel greater
Endure the pain now so you can enjoy your wishes later

Ruby Avitia

Onyx



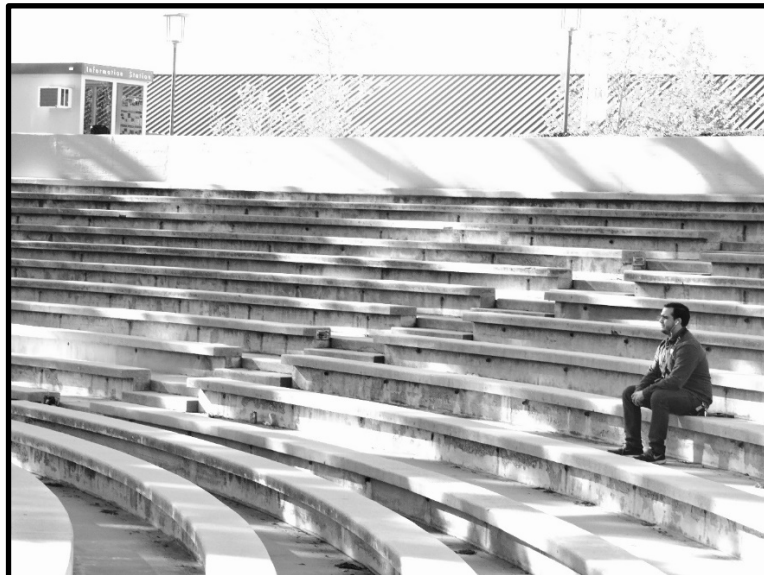
Brittney Byther-Wilson

Patience is Truly a Virtue

Chains once rattling on cotton fields... Caused by greed and dirty deals... White men taking light skinned girls for naughty feels... Sun up and sun down of fulfilling their demeaning thrills... But the memories of all slaves being killed... is a deep-rooted pain... I still feel... They ask me to let go and get over... But I just can't throw emotional loads over my shoulders... Can't hold the tears I want to release push down like a trigger... No, I can't be anybody's Uncle Tom...A happy nigger... Putting up a fake facade... Adapting substitute culture... Owning unknown identity...Yearning society's acceptance to complete me...But only because of Christianity...Yes, I do believe change exist... But don't forget about all the other crap... Us waiting to be free... Waiting on shackles to be released...Waiting to be equal within society...Us always going through... Yet releasing our pains through sports or musical tunes... Us fighting our whole lives... Seeking the grasp of what should be naturally right... But, why us? Why did some have to die in the process... Why was innocent blood shed? In that time were we released from God's hand... Now it seems time has rearranged lanes... Because we have all lived to see the day... An African American...Becoming president of the United States... Whether he satisfies us economically I don't know... But one thing he has done is make available the idea that young black children dreams will overcome ... America, I pray this won't be the end of our change...

Brittanni Fernandez

Catcher in the Rye



Kevin Rodriguez

Stunning



Rozann Zamora

Love

A message from the man named Jesus,
As recorded by the Greeks,
Who interviewed the Apostles
After his killing,
Transcribed to Latin,
Then to all languages,
Is easily discerned;
“Love thy neighbor as thyself.”
It is not hearkened to
By many,
If any.
For who could do such a thing?
Who is my neighbor?
And what is love?
Attempting such a thing,
Would I still be?

David Begnell

Infinity: A Prayer

Christine Espinoza

Oh, Great Big Universe. So magnificent and so graceful. A universe of a huge fish bowl or an ocean of wonders. You fill up all and everything in your great creation. You know everything and everyone by name. Your great detailed design of the greatest to the littlest and from the seen to the invisible things unimaginable. Clear to the human eye, and you tell us exactly what we need to hear if we are listening. You need us to open our eyes, to open our minds to all the possibilities, and then decipher your Holiest of Holy Word to what is true and righteous. There is none like you, even the little star in your eye, but not to the human eye of oh so great, big and beautiful. They call him Big Star, but the little star states, "From within the Infinite Universe there is none holier as my Father." Many do not believe this greatest Star of stars, the king and father of peace, the god of this world and a big heart like our great Father the Universe. Oh, Father hear us! We the Galaxy sing a new song of prayer!

Oh, my little Star, shine my light, my love upon my people, and those who want to worship and truly love me. Tell my children I love them and soon I will take away the dark gloom of evil. I hope in his or her return by desiring good over evil and desire to overcome the wicked world of sin. Go free them from such death, bringing them to life, and help them to search the universe. There is something simple about me that humanity have perplexed and complexed. I have torn a piece of my heart—a piece of my Word that becomes one with your heart my son. I can hear the Galaxy singing and praising!

Oh, Great Universe you hold us in your realm within your rainbow. You watch us with your star light and comfort us with your green, blue, and brown earth. You give us a drink of unending rivers and nourish us with the bread of life. You hold your mysteries and secrets in the open-air flourishing upon the earth within our beings and even before our very eyes. We cry out!!! We want your glorious Truth!!! Oh, Holy of holies where thou art, and let us see your precious magnificent Truth! We are blinded by our own betrayal and our own wisdom that we learn to bring distortion and judgement upon ourselves!!! Pounding our chests and casting ourselves to the ground like spoiled children!!!

Oh, little star, my son and anointed one, the image and reflection of my heart, bring to me all my daughters and sons!!!

Yes Lord!!! I will bring my army of angels to minister and to fight for them for I am faithful and just!!! Oh, Father! I will show them you fill the universe with your awesome power and life, and it is able to fit within a flower, a butterfly, or within a child's eye. You live in all naturally, and all nature dies, and returns to the earth as Adam dust to dust, but oh your spirit never dies—it flourishes and dissipates back to the illuminated blue sky, so the sunshine can burst it like a rainbow spherical and pollinate life upon the earth and its universe. Those who are beloved will find you and find your beautiful holy name (YHVH)!!!

Oh, Father the Universe, you gave us your Anointed Son Jesus who taught us to recognize our Father's Supernatural Abundance overflowing, and the eyes to see your glorious beauty and HOLY WORD. Your Wisdom and your Anointing that shines upon The Christ—now shines upon us!!! Thanks to Jesus for showing us your great Love!

Among the Twigs



Rozann Zamora

Melodies Painted in Silence



Kevin Rodriguez

Ever Since We Met

my life has changed forever since we met
I still feel butterflies in my stomach as we kiss
I need nothing when I'm with you, pure bliss
every choice I've made to be with you, I don't regret
don't go home yet, let's watch this sunset
aren't you afraid of what you'll miss?
my life has changed forever since we met
I still feel butterflies in my stomach as we kiss

please listen, there is no need to get upset
we still have tomorrow, to lay down and reminisce
your feelings towards me, I could never dismiss
what you've done to me, I'll never forget
my life has changed forever since we met

Viviana Maytorena

La Flor

como la flor tan
delicada labios rojos
cuidado no te le acerques
no deja que ninguno
la toque porque
sus espinas
te pueden dañar mirala de
lejos pero como la flor está
llena de amor

The Flower

she's like a flower so
delicate
red lips be careful
don't get too close to her
she doesn't let
anyone touch her because her
thorns can hurt you
look at her from afar but like a
flower she's filled with love

Viviana Maytorena

Water Lily



Rozann Zamora

Thoughts While I Try Not to Slip on the Way to Class

It never rains in California
Californians in the rain can't drive
Drivers are already crazy without rain
Rain makes the roads slippery
Slipping up cars and kids with bad shoes
Shoes that get soaking wet down to your toes
Toes on feet that are ridiculously cold
Cold viruses are floating in the rain
Rain that makes the sidewalk wet
Wet like the puddles that soak my shoes
Shoes with no grip so I slip
Slipping feet slip slip
Slipping grades slip slip
Slipping out from under me
Me, who actually loves the rain.

Jasmine Valle

We Are All Made of Stars



Marilyn Interian Matey

Moonstruck

In a shivering July sitting
under the oak's umbrella
with a bottle of whiskey,
as seeing the colorful paint
rockets illuminating the
 ambience of the twilight—
smelling the enticing smoke
from the iron bars and listening
to the joyous laughter of souls
 echoing across our sunsets—
our drunk honey words tangling
with each other like lovers
and diving headfirst in our
mutual pool of love and as a result
getting lost in each other's maze of
 nonsense that only our atoms
can comprehend—crumbling our
compasses to infinitely stay
in this love delight with each other
adrift on our vast blue ocean of bliss
thus it blankets us in warm content
underneath our vibing literature
of a thousand writing stars.

Putting a flower beside her ear
she said, "love my smile?"
gazing at the stardust falling
from on her lips I said,
"Your smile lights
 me up like a firework."

Edward De Anda

Inner Tea



Brittany Byther-Wilson

In Soliloquy

exquisite frames of passion
are not for the long-winded.
so I'll pierce the page
using words as my weapon.

buried beneath a field of sunflowers
in days between our encounters,
seconds pass in eternity's fashion.

the only spoils of patience
are fragments of poems
thrown together
by the starlight lover
whose hours are squandered
in soliloquy.

Keats Flores

Spotlight

 *First Prize
Art*



Rozann Zamora

Silent Ones

Abuse

It's life, for all the silent ones
Screaming into the wind, help.

Not knowing what will come for them,
or if they'll be there to see it.

Blamed for anything that moves
Black eyes, insults, threats
all part of the daily routine
Leaving will only cause more pain.

You are constantly reminded,
you are worthless
you are nothing, without me.

Mind racing, overthinking,
I need to get out of here.

But you reassure yourself,
it has to get better.
Because no one will want you,
no one will love you,
believe you ...

Jazmín Vivas

Brave



Rozann Zamora

The Fall of a Good Man

Zachery J. Lewis

How did I get here? How could it go all wrong so fast? Is this how my life ends with this gun in my hand? Shouldn't I pull the trigger or let the cops kill me?

I should go back where it all started. It was June 19th of 2014 when I saw the love of my life her name was Juliet.

She had the most beautiful eyes ever that just made me melt on sight. Her voice made me feel so safe. She was the best thing that has ever happened to me. I was so scared to ask her out. I was afraid of her saying no to me because she was a ten and I thought that a man like me would never get her, but she said yes and on that day my life was changed.

We stayed together after high school and ended up going around the USA to see where we would end up living. When we visited the hidden lakes in the Grand Canyon, while under the waterfall shrouded by the beauty of nature, I asked her to be my wife. She said yes and that was the best day of my life beside the day I met her.

Our life was going good until she had a death in the family and it devastated her. I

remember telling her to go to London and see her family but I didn't know that would change my life forever. She was gone for a few months, and I got worried. She didn't call me or anything; so, I sent her mother a letter. A few weeks later, I get one back, and I fell to the ground crying because, as I'm reading the letter, I see that my dear Juliet had taken her life. I couldn't believe that she did that; she was the most compassionate person in the world. I couldn't bring myself to go see her grave because I know deep down in my heart that she didn't kill herself, she had to have been murdered.

A few years later, I went to London where she died, and I investigated what happened the night she was murdered. I found some clues that the cops overlooked; the biopsy said she overdosed on drugs, but that is wrong. Juliet would never take drugs. One thing was sticking out like an eye sore; the only person in the house was her dad. Then it hit me. Her dad hated her and I being together. I remember one night, when we all were at a barbeque a few years back, he tried to fight me because his daughter loved me

and he hated that. So, I knocked him out.

I went to go find him, and he was hiding in some motel. I was at a bar thinking about confronting him. I knew that he killed her out of jealousy and rage. On my way to the motel, I borrowed a gun from an old time friend who owed me one. I sat at his house for a few hours and I got drunk. Not being all there, I made up my mind and went to the motel with the gun. As I walked up the stairs to the third level, I was thinking how I could kill him. I wanted revenge for Juliet. I got to his room number and pounded on the door with the gun.

He opened the door crying and said, "I know why you are here. I was scared you would one day figure it out. I knew the cops would just say it was a drug overdose and knew you wouldn't believe them and that you'd know she would never do drugs. So, I ran and waited for you. I can see that you are trying to figure out why I did it. I will tell you why. She was pregnant with your child, and I didn't want her to have your child, to have something that came from you. I shoved many different types of drugs down her throat, and I watched her die. And I didn't feel anything for her. I was happy that you would suffer."

With tears in my eyes and voice shaking I uttered, "She was going to have my child?"

"She had your child."

I heard a baby's cry, and I put the gun to his head.

"Show me my baby now!" I raged.

I followed him to the baby. She looked just like her mother. I put the gun down to pick up my daughter. I forgot he was there; he picked up the gun and said, "Finally, I can get rid of you. I should have done this a long time ago. I always loved my daughter, but you had to come in and take my little girl and because of that, I couldn't stand you! You son of a bitch! I was trying to figure out how my little girl loved you...a worthless loser who will never be anything in the world. You always dreamed of becoming something, but you will never be anything!"

As he went on about how I'm nothing and that he hated me, I carefully put the baby down and told him, "Don't do this in front of the baby, please!"

We walked back to the front room, and I attacked him; threw him to the ground and grabbed the gun. I shot him in his leg and then unloaded the rest of the clip into him.

I felt relief. When it was all said and done, I fell to my knees and cried out, "Juliet, forgive me, I'm so sorry. I know

you wouldn't do the same. You were always stronger than me!”

As I laid there, I heard the cops. I get back up, grab the baby, and ran for my life. I eventually made it back to the US, so the cops wouldn't get me.

But little did I know, her father had an affair with another woman when his wife was pregnant with Juliet; had a boy with her and kept him a secret. His son got word of what I did, and he wanted revenge on me. He went looking for me.

Twenty years pass and my daughter, Hope—I named her Hope because she gave me hope that maybe I can do what her mother and I wanted to do, grow old and have a life and family. She was twenty now, and she looked more and more like her mom every day. I can't believe twenty years had gone by since I saved her from that monster.

I still remember taking her to school for the first time; crying as I drove to her school she said, “Daddy, don't cry, I will be back in a few hours.”

I always cried, every time, because I was afraid of losing her like I lost her mother; I took her anyway. I was always so protective over her.

I remember scaring her boyfriend the first time I saw him. He came in a limo to take her to her senior prom. When I saw her come down the stairs, I

saw his face; it reminded me of the face I made when I saw her mother in her prom dress. We kept that dress just for our future girl and now she was wearing it. I had to hold back the tears.

I told her boyfriend, “Have her back by eleven.”

They reminded me of Juliet and me; and of how we loved each other. I saw that this man, who was with my baby girl, would marry her and they would have the love her mother and I never did. Before I knew it, I was helping her pick up for college. I started to cry because I realized that she had moved on to the next big step in her life.

She finally got the courage to ask me what happened to her mom. I told her everything. I wasn't going to hide anything. I thought she would not want to see me anymore after that, and she would think that I was a monster and evil. To my surprise, she started to cry and then give me a hug.

She said, “You did the right thing. You saved me from that monster and got revenge for mom.”

I kissed her forehead and gave her one last hug goodbye. If only I knew that was going to be the last time I saw her; I would have held a little bit longer.

As she drove away, I saw

someone walk up to my house and said to me, "I'm here for my dad! You killed him! You dirty rat! And now I get revenge for him!"

I told him, "Let me tell you why I did it. I did it because you're no good dad killed your only sister and my wife."

When I told him that, he was in complete shock. He still wanted to kill me because he didn't believe me.

"If you still want to kill me, go ahead. I had a long life, I'm ready to die."

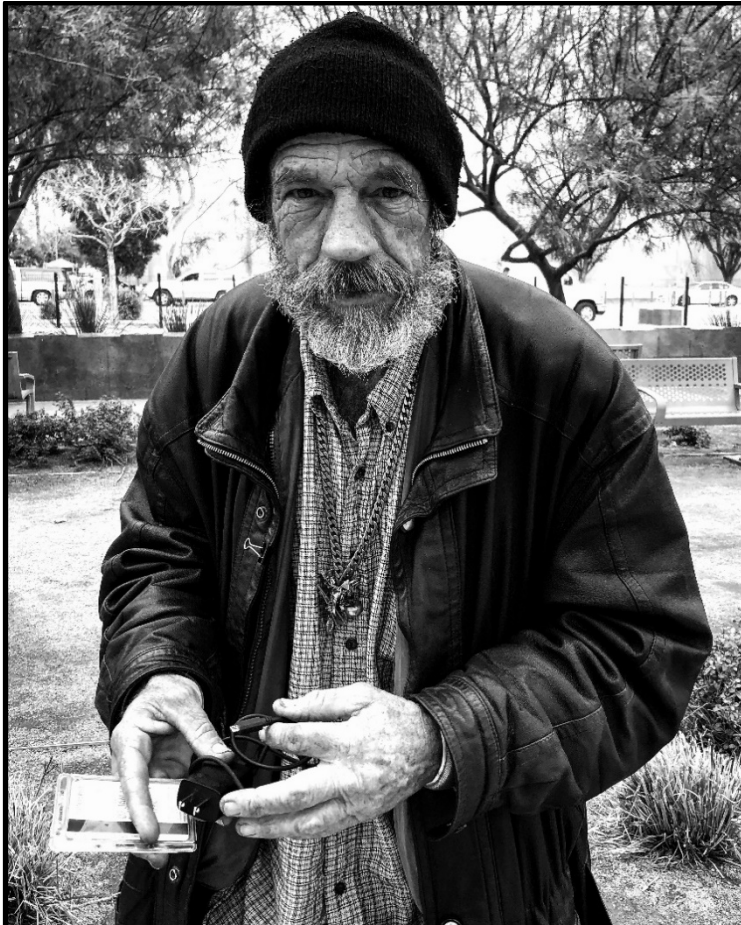
As he put the gun against my head, I cried and said, "Well, here I come Juliet, finally, I get to see you again. My sweet Juliet here I come."

Then he pulled the trigger. I heard the gunshot echo in my soul. I saw my life flash in front of me. As my body hit the floor of my driveway, I saw a white light.

I heard a voice saying, "Oh, it's been so long. I have waited for so long. I do forgive you for what you did. Now, let's go home, my love."



The Stranger



Kevin Rodriguez

Colibrí



Marilyn Interian Matey

I'm Okay/Save Me

"I'm okay" is today's biggest lie ever told. But you'd never know until the story unfolds. I've watched people with hearts of gold, grow cold. I've seen the sweetest people go sour. Well, let me speak for peace in my darkest hour. All of you who hide and cower, open your eyes and see that you aren't stripped of your power. Realize it is okay... okay to yell save me. I know it sounds crazy. But just maybe you're not okay.

Joe the Hokage

Don't Understand

So my mom found my work
Some of it about her, most of it not.
She came to me later, tone biting
“you’re so angry in your writing,
I just don’t understand”

Well for starters I’m peeved
That you went through my things again
Didn’t ask permission, just assumed
As if privacy and respect were never presumed
Like ancient languages you’ll never understand

You’re no better than the strangers
Who invaded my personal space
In halls, classrooms, out of thin air
Shoving, insulting, spitting gum in my hair
Provoking anxiety that I still don’t understand

They’re no better than the men
Who cornered girls I met over the years
In bathrooms, churches, childhood beds
Taking futures, cutting innocent threads
Leaving them with torment they couldn’t understand

They’re just like the ones in charge
Who are making decisions that benefit only them
About birth control, immigrants, healthcare, etc.
Twisting a narrative to fit their agenda
All about situations they can’t understand

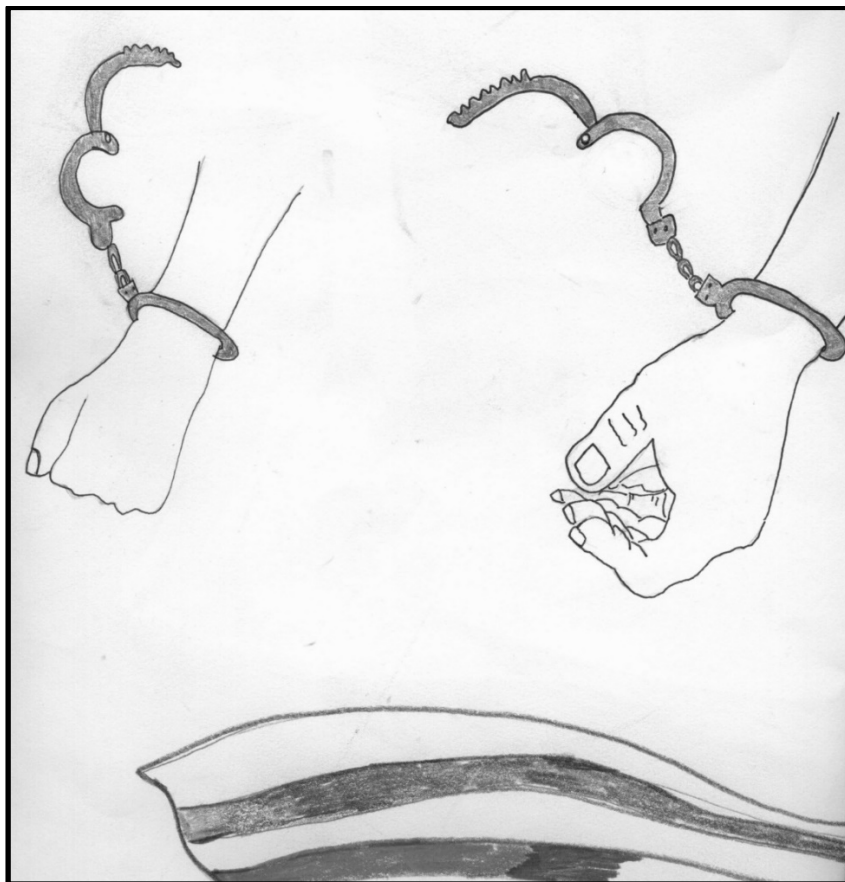
They’re elected by arrogant morons
Spoonfed by buzzwords and incited by hate
Pro-life, reverse-racism, vaccines don’t work
It’s some old fashioned bible study circle jerk
Controlled by those who refuse to understand

They're the same people turning a profit
By thriving on chaos and stirring the pot
Ban them, separate them, shoot them all down
Who cares when they're red, black or brown
All lives matter don't y'all understand?

Look around this place that I call home
And tell me I have no reason to be angry
While people are mistreated, ignored, still fighting
That's the reason that I'm here writing
What is it that you don't understand?

Jasmine Valle

Freed



Stella Grosso

Hey How You Doin' Goopmassta Here



Alex Santana

Like Everyone Else

I see you
Who you are and
Who you used to be
Before the world told you
Who you couldn't be

They will try to shush
Your ambition
They will try to mush
Your determination
To be yourself

Don't let them
You will just be another
Bound book on a bookshelf

Francesca Gabriel

A Long Road

As we wake to start a new day
We wake to see what may get in the way
Our families face many struggles
But at night all we want is to lay with our families and cuddle
It is not that easy though
A father who is on his way
Trying not to be seen during the light of day
Hiding and fighting
Walking and crawling
Thirsty but the container he had with water is now empty
And the dirt field in front of him is now becoming blurry
But his hopes to provide for his family
Is now hitting him, like a slap in the face
It's now a timed race
He has no option but to keep pushing
He has to make it passed the border so he's rushing
The longest 4 days and 3 nights of his life
It's now coming down to only a few miles to go
He can see it
A few more steps and he's there
No more worries
No more struggles
He will have a happy wife
But a lonely life
A sad father who believed his life would be easier
But didn't think America would make his life crazier
He now realizes he is not living in the home of the free
Although that was how he imagined it to be

Angelina Moncada

Sensory Overload

There's a limit to the time I can spend being social.

One second is all it takes
before

Voices are too loud
Sound waves crashing
Drowning my thoughts
Bashing against my skull
on rocks only I can see

One second is all it takes
before

Sunlight is too bright
Beams that ricochet between my eyes
Bullets of fire
Shot through the barrel
of the ozone layer in my mind

One second is all it takes
before

Air gets too thick
Every smell is now poison
Toxic mushroom clouds
From food and people alike
being tested in my nose

One second is all it takes
before

My time is up and I really need to leave
now.

Jasmine Valle

Leveled

Through language,
we let flow murals—
of vibrant romance—
dramas of love,
enthusiastic
as they burst forth
with ecstatic frequency

... but we are
the royal process
of self-destruction
that pervades
a screaming
cannibalistic
existence

Keats Flores

Crying Marys



Luis Lizarraga

Not-So-Thick Skin

The vet said my dog
has weirdly thick skin
It was hard to give him
the shots he needed to stay healthy

I've always thought all dogs
had thick skin since none
are bothered when I call them
big dumb fluffy chubby babies

I wish I could say
that I had such thick skin
Mine is much thinner
Like cheap one-ply toilet paper

Every comment oozes through
my toilet paper skin
Like that runny shit you take
after you've had too many tacos

The stench of my insecurities
lingers on my palms
No matter how hard I scrub
there's some just under my fingernails

It doesn't take more than
a sneeze to shrivel me up
I fall apart in the gentlest of hands
am formless in a bowl of my own tears

Jasmine Valle

The Cat's Perspective

I look out the cage as I see
All the baby kittens get adopted into loving homes
Why can't it be me? I might not be a kitten anymore,
But I'm full grown and still lovable
As time goes on, I fear my execution date, if I don't get adopted soon
All I want is a loving family to call my own before it's too late
Then finally a small child stares and points at me yelling Daddy,
Mommy, I want that one
I thought I was dreaming, but I am not,
This wonderful new family is going to adopt me,
I only hope my other feline friends will get adopted soon as well
I now have a name to call my own, Ruby

Stella Grosso

Dog's Life



Will Otterman

Plants I Call My Own

Different attitudes
Different views of the world
They are all so different
My plants I call my own
Cactus, Roses, Sunflowers
Aloe Vera's and so much more
They are beautiful
in their own way
daring, bold,
courageous, and fearless
they don't know it
but they have so much
ahead of them

Alyssa Hernandez

A Special Place



Will Otterman

Shine



Rozann Zamora

Rain

Rain, Rain, Rain
I feel like I'm in pain
I wish I could get out of my bed
But the stress is hurting my brain

I tell everyone that I am fine
But I feel like I want to die
And it's driving me insane
But I can't let anyone know
So I tell them all to go away

The thoughts run in my mind
My obsession has led me to my depression
Which has led me to my suicidal temptations

I want all the pain to go away
And death seems like the optional way
But I can't do that
Because there is a price to pay

Hopefully one day it all changes
And I can look back and see
The rain go away

William Menor Romero

Change of Seasons

Winter
is the chill of your tile floor
working to slide me into your embrace
It's a shield made of fleece, the sword of your gaze
Your eyes are hot chocolate and a fireplace,
so inviting.
Winter
is security

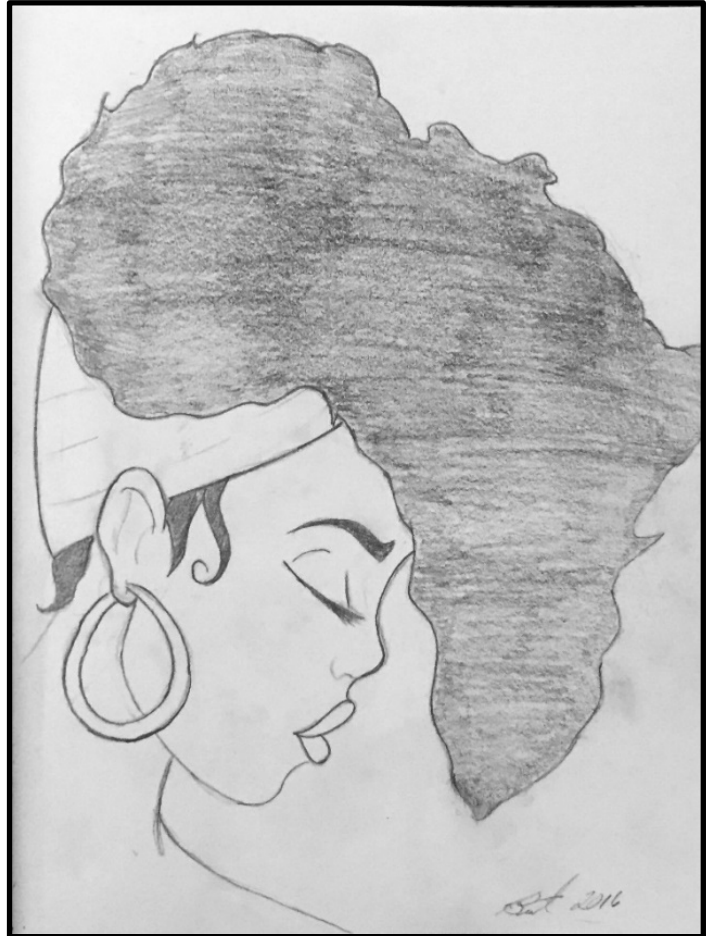
Spring
is the blooming of passion best kept unwatered
It is the flower bud of our love left untrimmed,
wild and breathtaking
We are entranced by the sun burning between us
flying into it at night like drunken moths
Spring
is wonder

Summer
is the spark taking hold
of the dry brush called "insecurity"
It is the wildfire of these hearts
burning out of control in our veins
The taste of sweat
and shame
Summer
is doubt

And the Fall
well,
that is what I am afraid of.

Jasmine Valle

Love My Hair and My Culture



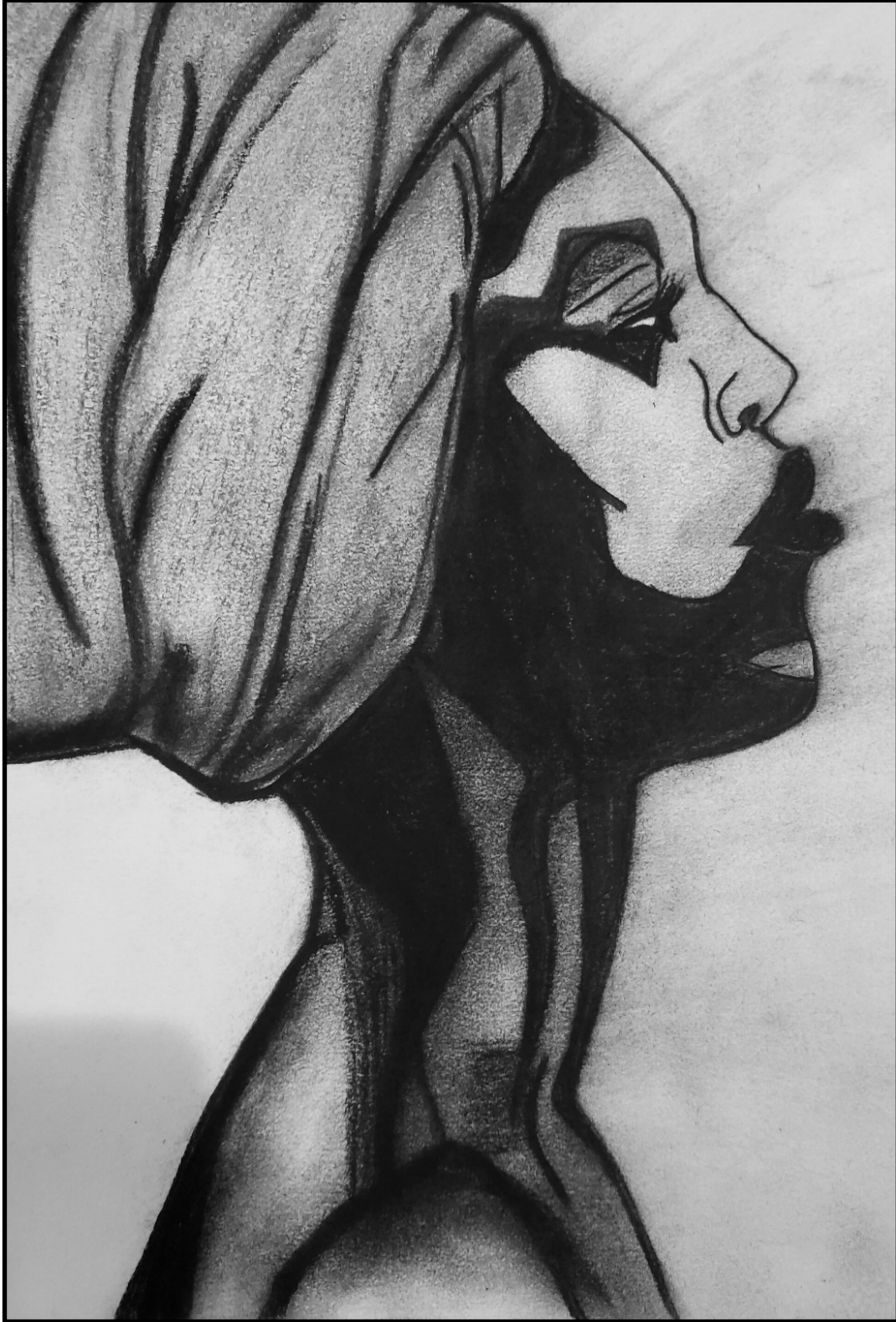
Brittny Byther-Wilson

Nostalgia

Missing her
that bitter night,
arises like a lovely
baffling aroma into
my presence that
brushed her exquisite
olive complexion
and timber eyes onto
my ocean mind like
a vibrant painting—
the silky colors of
her canvas carried
me lightly like a vanilla
blossom upon the
night sky candles
of space—that fused
every magical fragment
in me hence to feel I was
illusive from this chaotic
planet that's full of deceptive
thorns and sad broken glasses.

Edward E. De Anda

Nubian Mother



Brittanni Fernandez

Intricate Evil Beauty

She bewitched
me like Medusa-
fabricating me
into a gazer
stone without
breath, casting
quiet glamour
thus igniting my
copper heart
like a cigar;
In wild flames
with those
lovely
hostile
eyes.

Edward E. De Anda

Isabella

Isn't always as moody as she appears
She prefers numbers over writing papers
Always has a smile on her face
Breathtakingly beautiful
Exceeds in everything that she does
Loves to eat vegetables
Leaves everything to the last minute
Always laughing and making jokes

Kevin Rodriguez

Incendiary

Life is currently electrified.
infinitely bright.
unpredictable.
indisputable.
chaotic
sound
and vibe—
a gigantic conglomeration
of floating lights
that burns through the night,
streaking fire
like a comet tail trails ice.
the afterglow of this
creates faint lines
which fail to fade with time.
they remain in my mind
like a scar on the brain—
branded spectrally
by the starlight flames
of innumerable fireflies.

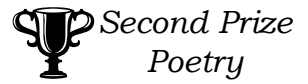
Keats Flores

Clementine



Will Otterman

Poverty & Immigration



Days go by without a bite to eat
Often without shoes on their feet
Immigration Customs banging on doors
Scared families hiding on floors
Dad goes away to work long days
Rancid meat smells from decay
Mom's full of hope and joy
While all the kids gather around one toy
Life as a poor immigrant isn't fun
Days without food making you feel dizzy and spun
Fleeing their country from violence and danger
Only to refuge to new types of violence and danger
Mom turns on the 9 o clock news
Only to hear the president yell "fake news"
Scary statistics about imminent deportation
To even scarier reports about family separation
Life as a poor immigrant isn't fun

Jose Perez

Walk a Lonely Road



Kevin Rodriguez

Street View

yellow shoes pink hair
she smiles crooked teeth
she's perfect you think
but she doesn't know
how beautiful she is
to me and she'll
never know I only
saw her walking down
the street

Viviana Maytorena

A Day in the Life



Kevin Rodriguez

Unrelenting Chaos

America is every
sailor's dream but—
reviving her will not be easy.
It will be a cosmic war.
You will hold the seafoam
gun of liberty and we will
all hand each other the sweet
elixir bullets of justice.
We're going to rip out
the roots of tyranny
and repression to
heal the jeopardized heart
of mother America—
so breathe and embrace
the utter beauty of
the massacre
that lies
ahead.

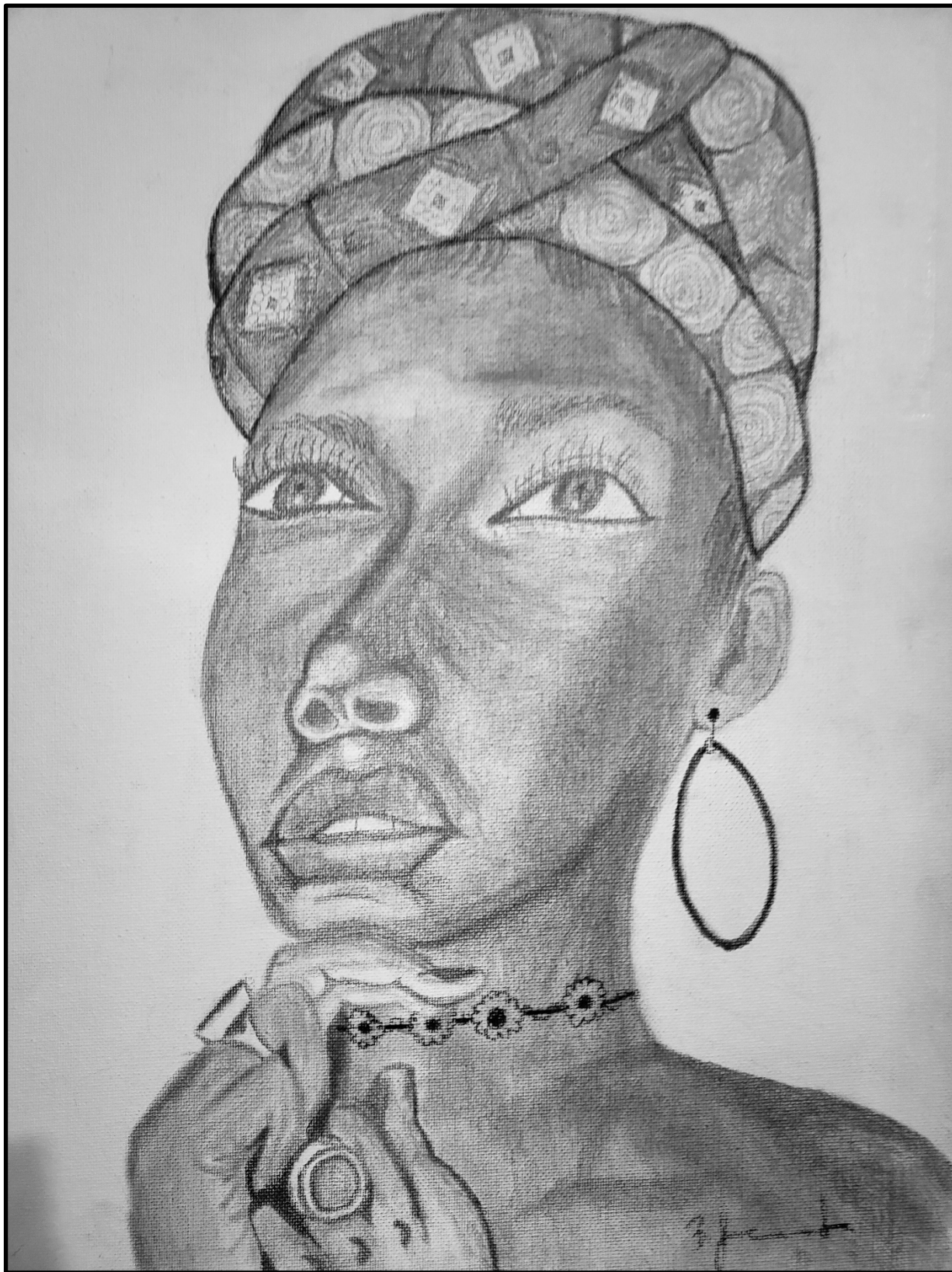
Edward E. De Anda

Why Can't We Live?

Day by day I lose more people. I watch as they fall into this depression... this evil. Most people based on first impressions, I know I won't see their sequel. But lately, I've been calling out to God, he didn't answer, it's fine. But stop taking the ones I love or at least speed up my time. You see me here writing these pathetic rhymes, while friends seem so cloudy. Will they ever see the sunshine?! All I wanna do is cry because I love them, maybe even more than you. But I've written about their feelings because I'm starting to feel them too! I can't hate you, and I would never forsake. But can you let my loved ones live? Thank you.

Joe The Hokage

She Waits, She Thinks



Brittanni Fernandez

Second Coming

We are a generation fueled by greed and lust
We set our eyes on that pretty lady with the short skirt and heels
Whistling profanities as she walks on by
We work overtime to provide for our families
Pickpocketing their time and their memories
We are a generation built on power
Electing rich narcissists as leaders
Allowing them to take what little the poor have
To divide amongst themselves
We are a generation blinded to corruption and suffering
Shielding our eyes, allowing inept media to dictate
Our meaningless lives
All the while women and children beg for scraps in the streets
We are a generation praised for our ignorance
Letting fascists speak on our behalf
While the leaders of the world view us in the same light
Shaking their heads in disbelief, uttering silent prayers
To God
We are a generation where bullets rule the masses
And the blood of innocent children floods the streets
Where prayers are offered for every life that is lost
And inaction is taken
We are a generation that crucifies God a second time
Ignoring his commandments out of pride
Turning our backs on him
Seeking knowledge from the evil one
Condemning our souls to the eternal fires of our insolence
We are all a lost generation

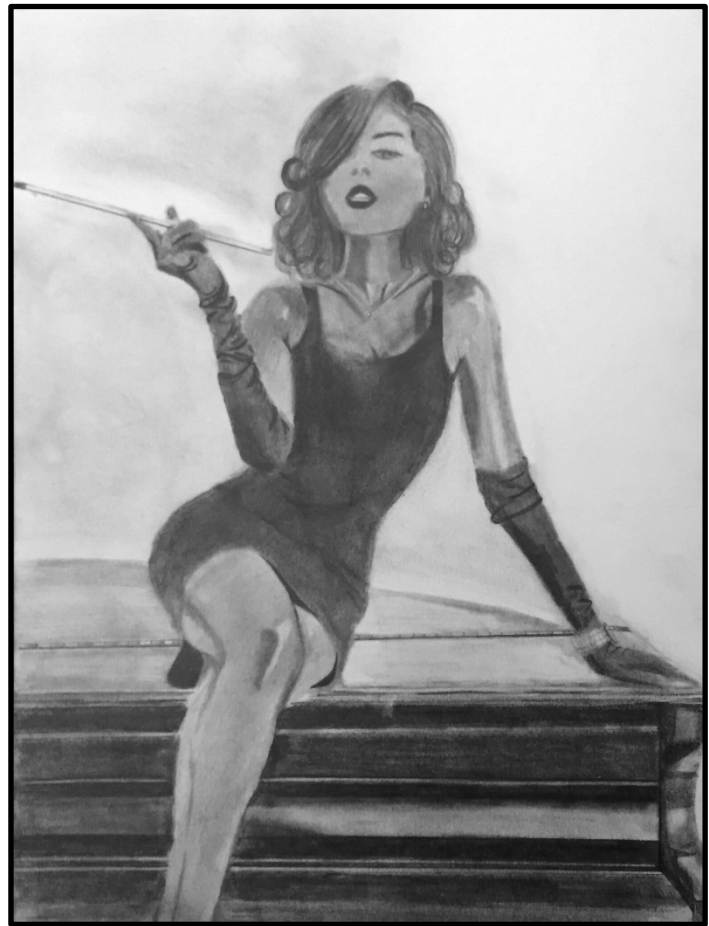
Kevin Rodríguez

Burned

head blank, sated.
numb, free, tired.
then suddenly remembering.
burned to find her.
thoughts flowing,
spinning,
seeming to orbit infinity
in a spirographic repetition.
always coming back to the
center,
refreshing the heat of the
memory
in the middle of my mind.
if beauty would care to remain,
she would be embraced
by a hold
which would speak intent
by its decisiveness.
it's her, it's here.
feast
and fear.
dine on the lips
of a peaceful warrior.

Keats Flores

Classical Luxury



Brittney Byther-Wilson

This Is the Song I Rested With

Waking up in the morning
Watching the sun pour through my window
I'm reading one of your old letters
This is the song I rested with
Driving in my car
The windows rolled down
I remember how you would
Always play with the radio
Smiling as you did it
This is the song I rested with
Walking down the hallway
Of that movie theater we liked so much
How you would always get a Kit Kat bar
And a beer, even though I would always
Finish it because you said it was too much
This is the song I rested with
Day after day I wish I had done things differently
I wish I would have been there when you needed me
I wish that you would've never left
This is the song I rested with

Kevin Rodriguez

Painting a Symphony



Kevin Rodriguez

Deceived Under Influences

You rise everyday
Without a worry at bay

You kill our youth lyrically,
Perhaps, it should be you,
Charged with murder in the first degree

You eat off 14-karat gold covered plates,
Flambéed steaks, thousand-dollar seats,
While your fans swipe their E.B.T card to make
Ends meet

Claims of being a gangster and a killer,
Alcohol induced nights of tipping strippers,
Yet, It's youth and innocence
Of which you strip us

Your lethal lyrics, they hear it, but they don't hear it.
The deceiving videos, they see it and try to be it
Defacing our face value, decreasing our worth,
This is the manner of which
Your music works

"Bitches and Hoes" are thrown around,
Then worn as a crown
Diminishing the morals of a girl,
With no intent of love to be found

"First 48", "Worlds Dumbest Criminals
Caught on Tape", "Scared Straight",
This is the result of the false facts
You put on wax

Why not encourage our youth?
Instead, tell them don't shoot, think about
How hard your mother would cry screaming to the sky asking, "Why?"
Tell that girl how much she's worth,
Instead of being a "bad bitch" tell her go to church.

A little wisdom and history never hurt.
Martin Luther King, Malcom X, and Rosa Parks
Didn't fight those wars for our race to fall apart.

For the words you preach, are the lessons you teach,
Nevertheless, it's your freedom of speech
But why when censored all you hear are bleeps?

You may not be the sole purpose for all of this,
But it doesn't mean your not putting lives at risk

The way you live your life is up to you,
But since when is living in ill repute considered cute?

Tyesha T. Page

Utopia



Kevin Rodríguez

Machismo

can I go out tonight?
no, porque eres mujer
can't you give me a better excuse?
is it because you're afraid?
because I'm your first daughter?
should I stop asking questions
that you don't have an answer to?
pinche machismo
don't be afraid, I can stand up
for myself, especially
to men *como tu*

Viviana Maytorena

Grizzly Bear



Luis Lizarraga

Little Saying

Love me
Hate me
Laugh
Smile
Cry
Confide
Don't lie
Be mine until the end of time

Andrea Polston

Closer

I remember the way you looked at me, as your eyes
Swelled with tears
When you stormed out, I knew I had to chase
After you
As I drove through every backstreet
One thought crossed my mind
I thought about the first time we met
Standing across from me in that shopping mall
It was a moment I would never forget
Here we stand once again
In front of our home
Where you told me, you loved me
Where I watched you storm out only to lose you forever
This place that stands before us
Filled with a lifetime of memories
Is nothing compared to you standing next to me
You are my home

Kevin Rodríguez

If Only?

Christine Espinoza

After I had an argument with my husband, Tom, I decided to take a walk to calm down my nerves. The weather outside was just perfect with a cool light breeze, the sky was deep dark blue, and the stars were shining as bright as can be. There was a shooting star flying across the galaxy as if a Dodger's player pitched a fast baseball to strike out an Angel's batter. It looked like the shooting star showered glittery dust everywhere, on top of parked cars, on the street, other pedestrians and on me. If only this glittering dust would take me back in time, so I could change the past. I was so busy looking up, and I did not notice the glittery dust on the cement ground. I slipped and fell on the sidewalk and into some kind of blur and a sensation going through me from my head to my feet, and knocking me out cold.

I woke up still in a drowsy daze. I could hear a familiar male voice and it was getting louder.

"Babe, babe, wake up. You passed out."

"Where am I?"

"We are here having our lunch in Jack in the Box, of course. Are you alright?"

In my head I thought, this looks like the restaurant we went out on our first date and after we went to the movies when we were kids. Smells like beefy hamburgers and salty French fries. I saw silly pictures of Jack, a marketing spokesperson with a big white head like a golf ball the size of basketball

on the wall. Jack's date was a pretty lady smiling with a normal human head, and she had a bouquet of sun flowers in her left hand and a side of French fries next to her on the right side of the table, and while his hand left her plate. Crazy pictures I thought. There was a bouquet of yellow roses next to me. Am I back in the past? I remembered this moment when I told him I loved him, and we should get married. That was a big mistake and I wish I waited, so this time I didn't tell him. We were young anyways, and he was not ready to marry me.

"Hey, when I get a better job, we'll go out to eat at a better restaurant like Claim Jumpers or Sizzlers."

In my head thinking, yeah right, and who else!

"You're so beautiful. I want to buy a big house with five bedrooms, two and half bathrooms with a big yard surrounded with a fence. I want to marry you and take good care of you."

I'd forgotten how sweet he was, I wanted to cry and all I could do was listen to his innocent voice. Then I remembered all the compulsive lies he told me later in the future, so I began to get angry inside. After we ate our chicken deluxe sandwiches, curly fries and chocolate shakes, we decided to take a walk to Regency Sterling Cinema 6 in downtown San Bernardino. So we got up from our chairs, threw the sandwich wrappers and the wax paper cups in the trash.

"Great lunch, Tom," I told him.

Tom got a phone call. I could hear her loud voice and it sounded like that dumb blond haired girl who kept flirting with him the other day at this time. She was the one who later ruined our marriage. In the future, she knew we were married, and she would not leave him alone. I remember when she would call after midnight and leave messages. She would say, "When are we going to Vegas again. You better call me back. Smuahhh!!!"

I would find her blonde hair in the car and pink lipstick on his collar, and he would deny it. Now I felt angry and strange, everything turned grim and gloomy. The lights in Jack's dining room turned a slight shade of red. The smell of fries made me nauseated.

"Who was that you were talking to?"

"Ahh... No one important."

"Yeah, right! I know who that is. It's her, that hoochie mama, and I'm leaving you for good. It's her or me?"

"Ahh, you're ridiculous! What are you talking about?"

"Well, I'm leaving. You decide what you want and if you're ready for just me, then come back to me."

He grabbed hold of my arm, but I yanked it away.

"Please don't leave me! I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. No one else!" anxiously he told me.

I tell him, "YEAH RIGHT!!! SHE RUINED OUR FUTURE! YOU RUINED OUR FUTURE!" He looked at me as if I was crazy. I wish I had seen or recognized those signs then, and it continued later how he looked at me every day as if I was always crazy.

I felt guilty and sad, but I had to do it. I had to let him go, so I opened the glass door, went walking away from him. I wasn't sure if I should go home where I used to live, but I went anyways. I'm glad he didn't follow me.

Twenty minutes later. I'm home! "Hi mom!" My mood changed and I felt excited.

"Hi sweetie. How was your day? Looks like you're happy," she's says it sarcastically.

"Not so good," I'm trying not to smile, but I'm glad to be home now.

"I'm telling you, you should have fun dating. I really don't like Tom. He looks like a player."

Wow! I forgot about Tom and my mom's bickering about him. Her voice fades away till I don't hear her anymore, reminiscing memories of this old house with my mom, dad and my sisters together. This was a huge house with blue and white trimmings, and lots of roses and dragon flowers that surrounded the house. It was so beautiful. My home was always so peaceful. I am feeling strange... Oh, no! The.. sen..sa..tion is ba... (Everything fades to black.)

Emotions

Another one gone today
What a sad thing to say
So sad inside though I don't show much emotion on the outside
Hurting really badly when people are crying around me
When I don't shed a tear not one drop comes out of me
Things just get choked up inside and I have no clue why
But I'll always remember this day as another loved one gone from me again.

In Loving Memory of My Nana (1936-2006)

Andrea Polston

Sunburst



Rozann Zamora

Choices

Christine Espinoza

My name is Mary and when I was seven years old, my sister Jaylene and I were playing with Grimace and Ronald toys we'd got from the McDonald's restaurant. Our mother Ada called us and said, "The Ten Commandments is on TV!" or it's about Jesus of Nazareth. I was the only one who ran out our bedroom because I loved watching the Bible. I sat on the living room carpet floor and watched it from the beginning to the end. Also, when my two younger sisters Kaylee and Sara were born later, I got older, and still I would be the only one who wanted to watch it. I believed it brought peace to my heart. Furthermore, my mother made all my choices, spoke for me, and I had to listen, or I would get yelled at, name called, and hit in the wrong places. I became an observer that watched everything. Although, I had no idea, whether it was good or bad because everyone did it, so did I. The church leaders may have taught us the difference, but I did not really pay attention, and the other kids didn't either. I'd become mute and did not speak to anyone, except my sister Jaylene. When I got older, I moved out of my mother's house, and moved in with my boyfriend Jovani who also made my choices. From what I had seen, learned and done, and it became normal. I lied, stole, said

bad words, and did bad things, but I would not speak up for myself, or make my own choices, or he would get mad at me and hit me. I cried and I became very sad, but it became normal to me, and I became lost in my mind and heart. I remember my mother telling me about the Bible on TV. So, I started reading the book, and it taught me to have choices, boldness, and strengths. It also taught me to have a voice, so I started writing poetry with my personal experience and the word of the Bible. My silence kept me, so I decided to go to college to become a Head Start teacher, a Behavioral Health Specialist, and a Creative Writer. College taught me to speak out and how to use my words. Recently, Ms. Leeann from Valley College Children Center told me to speak louder, be bold and be firm, so I have been practicing, and the children are listening to me more. I did my teacher day for my CD 205 class... Well it was a success, I got 90%, and Ms. Leeann was proud of me and gave me a big hug. I have been making my own personal choices because of my Educational Endurance going to college, studying the Bible, group counseling, and experiences working with children. No one can change my mind. ~I HAVE A VOICE!~ True Story

The Last of Us

Farewell to all, to love and death
Farewell to health and glee
I'm taking my last breath
Just leave me here and let it be
Farewell to loves I won and lost
Farewell to moving on
It cost me everything
What more do I have to give you?
Farewell my love I'm leaving you
And everything I have
It's time to start again
Farewell to all to love and death

Kevin Rodriguez

Howling Wolf



Kevin Rodriguez

A Bedtime Story

Don't go in the bathroom
Don't turn off the light

Don't mention his name
In the darkness of the night

Do not touch the mirror
Don't go in alone

You follow these rules
You might just make it home

I know it sounds simple
It's not all it seems

You do all you can
He'll show up in your dreams

You'll run and you'll run
Till you think you've escaped

He's biding his time
Until you are awake

To say to yourself
That was all in your head

That's when you hear scratching
From under your bed

And feel furry paws
Grabbing you by the hand

You fight for your life
So you don't end up dead

You may wake up lucky
And no blood is shed

And wish that you heard
Everything that I said

So check all the closets
And make sure it's bright

And let's pray the monster
Don't get you tonight

Tiana Johnson

Totoro



Alex Santana



First Prize
Poetry

The Old Guitarist

(Pablo Picasso)

His fingers, tender and broken
From ballads and malaguenas
His thinning white hair resting
Over a soft and delicate scalp
His strings are worn out
From all those years
Playing his heart's song
His heart still bursting with music
All he can do is sit there, and pluck each string
His head, bowing in prayer
Remembering
Back to the days when he played the local markets
Where he was offered free drinks in the cantinas
In exchange for his sweet music
How he prayed to live in those days again
That was a lifetime ago
He waits quietly now awaiting the day
The day where God will take him and allow
Him to play for the rest of his days
Forever and ever Amen

Kevin Rodríguez

Music Is My Religion



Kevin Rodríguez

Index by Artist/Author's Name

Note that this index is in alphabetical order by artist or author first name.

<i>Alex Santana</i>	Hey How You Doin' ...	22	<i>Luis Lizarraga</i>	Crying Marys	25
	Totoro	51		Grizzly Bear	44
<i>Alyssa Hernandez</i>	Plants I Call My Own	28	<i>Marilyn Interian Matey</i>	We Are All Made of ...	10
<i>Andrea Polston</i>	Little Saying	45		Colibri	19
	Emotions	48	<i>Rozann Zamora</i>	Stunning	5
<i>Angelina Moncada</i>	A Long Road	23		Among the Twigs	7
<i>Brittanni Fernandez</i>	Gentle Spirit, and ...	FC		Water Lily	9
	Patience is Truly ...	4		Spotlight	13
	Nubian Mother	32		Brave	14
	She Waits, She Thinks	38		Shine	29
<i>Brittney Byther-Wilson</i>	Onyx	3		Sunburst	48
	Inner Tea	12	<i>Ruby Avitia</i>	H.O.P.E	3
	Love My Hair and ...	31	<i>Stella Grosso</i>	SBVC Auditorium	1
	Classical Luxury	40		The Cat's Perspective	27
	Grace Is My Element ...	BC		Freed	21
<i>Christine Espinoza</i>	Infinity: A Prayer	6	<i>Tiana Johnson</i>	A Bedtime Story	51
	If Only?	46	<i>Tyesha T. Page</i>	Deceived Under ...	42
	Choices	49	<i>Viviana Maytorena</i>	Ever Since We Met	8
<i>David Begnell</i>	Love	5		La Flor/The Flower	9
<i>Edward E. De Anda</i>	Moonstruck	11		Street View	36
	Nostalgia	31	<i>William Menor Romero</i>	Machismo	44
	Intricate Evil Beauty	33	<i>Will Otterman</i>	Rain	29
	Unrelenting Chaos	37		Dog's Life	27
<i>Francesca Gabriel</i>	Like Everyone Else	22		A Special Place	28
<i>Jasmine Valle</i>	Thoughts While I Try ...	10	<i>Zachery J. Lewis</i>	Clementine	34
	Don't Understand	20		The Fall of a Good Man	15
	Sensory Overload	24			
	Not-So-Thick Skinned	26			
	Change of Seasons	30			
<i>Jazmin Vivas</i>	Silent Ones	14			
<i>Joe The Hokage</i>	I'm Okay/Save Me	19			
	Why Can't We Live?	37			
<i>Jose Perez</i>	Poverty & Immigration	35			
<i>Keats Flores</i>	In Soliloquy	13			
	Leveled	25			
	Incendiary	34			
	Burned	40			
<i>Kevin Rodriguez</i>	Catcher in the Rye	4			
	Melodies Painted in ...	8			
	The Stranger	18			
	Isabella	33			
	Walk a Lonely Road	35			
	A Day in the Life	36			
	Second Coming	39			
	This is the Song I ...	41			
	Painting a Symphony	41			
	Utopia	43			
	Closer	45			
	The Last of Us	50			
	Howling Wolf	50			
	The Old Guitarist	52			
	Music Is My Religion	52			

Phineas 2019 Online

An e-version of Phineas 2019 will be available on the Phineas webpage on the college website by May 10, 2019.

Phineas 2020

The submission period for Phineas 2020 will open on October 1, 2019. Only SBVC students are eligible to submit work. Complete submission guidelines will be posted on the Phineas webpage on the college website by October 1, 2019.

Phineas 2019

Grace Is My Element, Beauty My Spirit Animal



Brittney Byther-Wilson